CAREFUL
HANS

Heb Free & ard 4/9

The Beacon Readers

BOOK FOUR

CAREFUL HANS

BY JAMES H. FASSETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM NARRAWAY

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USING THIS BOOK

Careful Hans, the main reader for the Book Four Stage of Beacon Reading, represents a standard of achievement which the teacher who has used Beacon consistently from the Preparatory to the Book Four Stage may reasonably expect the majority of her children to reach before they leave her for the Primary School. The material still consists of folk tales which lend themselves beautifully to dramatisation. While these also give the child excellent practice in applying his phonic experience to new words for which he has the key, his teacher will be well advised to continue the specific phonic training which has done so much to bring him to his present state of fluency. Eleven new phonic group tables on pp. 135-137 introduce some useful sounds and silent letter practice. The remainder of the tables are revisionary. Practice with these, as part of the daily preparation for reading a story in *Careful Hans* should be accompanied by the learning of any new sight words (listed at the head of the story) and the revision of those sight words (listed below) which have been introduced at a previous stage and reappear in the story.

The satisfactory working of Set Four of the Beacon Reading Tests will set the seal on the pupil's reading achievement.

SIGHT WORDS NEEDED

again	father	me	put	very
almost	four	more	said	walked
anything	full	mother	she	want
are	give	Mr., Mrs.	shoes	was
be	go, going	no	should	water
because	gone	nothing	so	we
both	great	of	some	were
built	half	oh	talk	what
can't	have	once	there	where
caught	he	one	they	who
come	here	only	thought	wolf
could	Ho!	other	through	woman
do	I	oven	to	would
door	lion	poor	touched	you
eyes	lived	pretty	two	your

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756207

NEW WORDS USED IN THIS BOOK

Of the 432 new words, the child should have learned to pronounce and recognize the 384 in italics through his previous phonic training. Each of the 48 new sight words is shown at the head of the story in which it is first introduced and should be learned before reading the story.

Page 9
close
many
planning
times
wise

Page 10
crept
pick
plan
slipped

Page 11
bang
beam
behind
fluffy
hen's
hid
high
wink

Page 12
chase
dizzy
watch

Page 13
hole
knife
picked
pocket

Page 14
boiling
held
son

Page 15
peace

Page 17
bear
bears

Page 17 cont.
deeper
Goldi-
locks
huge
middle-
sized
named
porridge
until

Page 18
bowl
bowls
cooling
rapped
table
tasted
their
walk

Page 19
bear's
chair
cold

Page 20
beds
bottom
sleepy
soft
upstairs

Page 21
asleep
been
foot
growled
somebody
sound

Page 22
broken
chairs
shrill

Page 23
lying

Page 25
does
knows
o'er
place
plainly
rides
snow
there's
tosses
upward
which

Page 27
any
basket
butter
hood
meet
might
slice
sure
wore

Page 28
grand-
mother's
know

Page 29
asked
Hood's

Page 29 cont.
live
quickly
taking

Page 30
nightcap
path
singing
softly
stepped

Page 32
clothes
face
hands
hold
pulled

Page 33
axe
joy
passing
woodman

Page 35
always
careful
Hans
played
thinking
visit
wished
without

Page 36
evening
load
needle
stuck

Page 37
carry
sleeve

Page 39
foolish
puppy
pushed

Page 41
led
puppy's
rubbed

Page 43
dragging
ground

Page 44
brought
dragged
paper
strong

Page 45
brown
placed
pound
sweet

Page 46
dirty
melted

Page 49
boy's
cakes
children
dried
Indian
Indians
loved
seeds
ugly
wild-
grass
winter
year

Page 50
dared
woof

Page 51
cracked
shells
thick

Page 52
bushes
doing
mine
move
noise
roared

Page 53
bigger
braver
laugh
scare
yours

Page 54
laughed
roar
rushed

Page 55
arrows
bow

Page 56
climbed
Ha!
hind
stood
touch

Page 57
arrow
gather
shot

Page 59
call
gray
plenty
worms

Page 60
chipper
har-
nessed
nut
our
squirrel
started
taste
use
waddle

Page 61
another
fill
led
spot

Page 62
cannot
drag
driver
pile

Page 63
pecked
stealing
talking
waddling

Page 64
driver's
pleased
seat
start
waddled
whip

Page 65
floated

Page 66
before
clucked
land
lives
pity
quacked
warm

Page 67
divided
friends

Page 69
bumble-
bee
digging
leave
Squin-
tum's
story
stump
sweeping
threw
untie

Page 70
peep
sight
trotting

Page 71
making
untied

Page 72
Squeen-
tum's

Page 73
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feeding

Page 74
Squon-
tum's

Page 75
chased
grunting
woman's

Page 76
ginger
Squen-
tum's
white

Page 78
tight

Page 81
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creep
creeping
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Hobyahs
night
pull
stalks
Turpie

Page 82
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barks
dreams
loudly
slumber
Turpie's

Page 85
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Page 87
frighten

Page 88
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hung
poked

Page 89
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sniffing
snuffing
sorry

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inside

Page 93
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man's
shoe
wild

Page 94
bird's
course
fruit
kind
leopard
monkey
part
shell
spoke

Page 95
angry
pointed
root
wrong

Page 96
count

Page 97
screamed
true

Page 98
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fit
makes
puts
shouted
worn

Page 101
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among
choose
eagle
fly
smaller
strutted
win
wren

Page 102
blue
race
straight
whoo

Page 103
below
given

Page 104
above
beaten
boasted
breast
chose
claws
darted
flown
hurt

Page 105
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short
since
swelled
wren's

Page 107
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filled
nests
princes
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spring-time

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common
shaggy
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pay
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shout

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cave
meeting
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Page 115
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done
elephant
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learned
ordered
talked
tiger
treated
world

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bushy
flag
hidden
humming
lead
leaf
listened
most
winning
word

Page 117
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fussing
howled
lions
monkeys
screaming
sides
wolves

Page 118
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pain
sting

Page 119
won

Page 121
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nice
same
squeaked

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finding
hollow
spring

Page 123
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happily
invited
longer
puss
to-day
together
wedding
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Page 124
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licked

Page 125
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Top-off

Page 126
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Page 127
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Page 128
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single
threes

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hurry
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peeped

Page 133
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lips

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many watch son

Once upon a time there was a little red hen.

She lived all alone in a house in the woods.

On the side of a hill close by the house lived a sly old fox.

In the den with the sly old fox lived the fox's mother.

Many times the sly old fox had tried to catch the little red hen.

But the little red hen was wise.

So Mr. Fox could not catch her.

He tried and tried, but the little red hen was too wise for him.

The sly old fox grew thin, planning how to catch the little red hen.

One day he said to his mother,

"I have a plan to catch the little red hen.

I will take this bag and put her in it.

Have the pot on the fire when I come back.

We will boil her for dinner."

The sly old fox crept up to the house of the little red hen.

The little red hen came out to pick up sticks for the fire.

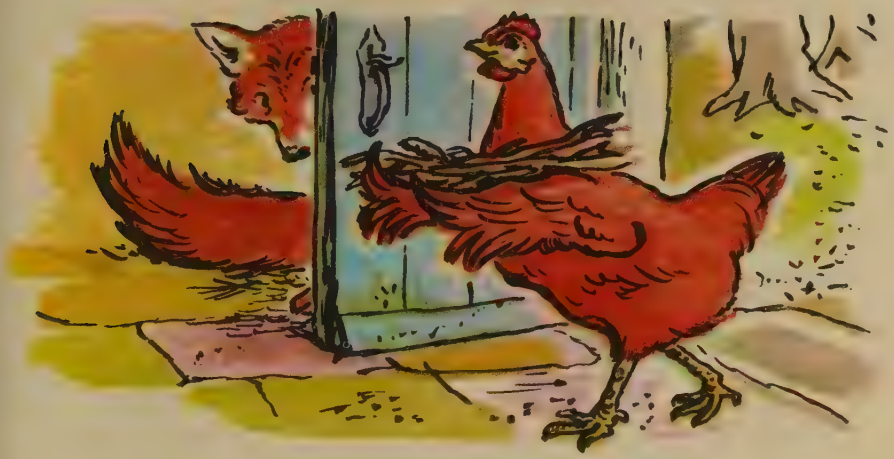
She left the door open.

In slipped the sly old fox.

The little red hen's back was turned. She did not see him.

Behind the door hid the sly old fox.

In came the little red hen with her wood.



She shut the door with a bang.

There sat the sly old fox with his big fluffy tail on the floor.

Quick as a wink the little red hen flew up to a high beam.

"Ah, Mr. Fox, you had better go home. You can't get me," she cried.

"We will see about that," said the sly old fox.

Then he began to chase his tail.

Round and round he ran.

The little red hen tried to watch him. Soon her head went round and round, too.

She was so dizzy that down from the high beam she fell.

The sly old fox picked her up and put her in his bag. Then away he ran to his den on the hill.

But the little red hen had a plan.

She took her sharp little knife from her pocket.

She cut a hole in the bag and out she jumped.

Then the little red hen took up a great big stone.

Into the bag she dropped it.

Soon the sly old fox ran into his den. "Mother, Mother, is the water boiling in the pot?"

"Yes, my son, it is boiling hot."

Then he held the bag over the boiling water.

Down fell the great big stone into the pot.

Splash went the boiling water over the sly old fox and his mother.

So they both were killed.

After that the little red hen lived in peace in the little house in the woods.

porridge table their
bottom foot

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Goldilocks.

She lived with her father and mother in a house near the woods.

One day Goldilocks went into the woods to pick berries.

She went deeper and deeper into the woods until she came to a little house.

Now, in this house lived three bears.

There was a great, huge bear.

There was a middle-sized bear.

There was a little, small, wee bear.

That day the middle-sized bear had made some porridge for supper.

The porridge was so hot that the three bears could not eat it.

So while it was cooling, they went for a little walk in the woods.

It was while they were gone that Goldilocks came to their house.

She rapped, but no one came to the door.

So Goldilocks went in.

On the table were the three bowls of porridge.

There was a great, huge bowl for the great, huge bear.

There was a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear.

There was a little, small, wee bowl for the little, small, wee bear.

Goldilocks was very hungry.

So first she tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear.

That was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear.

That was too cold for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the little, small, wee bear.

That was just right. So she ate and ate, until she ate it all up.

Then she sat down in the great, huge bear's chair.

That was too hard for her.

Then she sat down in the middle-sized bear's chair.

That was too soft for her.

Then she sat down in the little, small, wee bear's chair.

That was just right.

So she sat and sat, until the bottom fell out of the chair.

Then Goldilocks felt sleepy.

So she went upstairs.

There she found three beds.

There was a great, huge bed for the great, huge bear.

There was a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear.

There was a little, small, wee bed for the little, small, wee bear.

First she tried the great, huge bear's bed.

That was too high at the head.

Then she tried the middle-sized bear's bed.

That was too high at the foot.

Then she tried the little, small, wee bear's bed.

That was just right.

So she lay down and went sound asleep.

Soon the three bears came back from their walk.

Then the great, huge bear growled, in a big, gruff voice,

"Somebody has been eating my porridge."

Then the middle-sized bear cried, in a middle-sized voice,

"Somebody has been eating my porridge."

Then the little, small, wee bear said, in a shrill, little voice,

"Somebody has been eating my porridge, and has eaten it all up."

Then the three bears saw their chairs.

The great, huge bear growled, in a big, gruff voice,

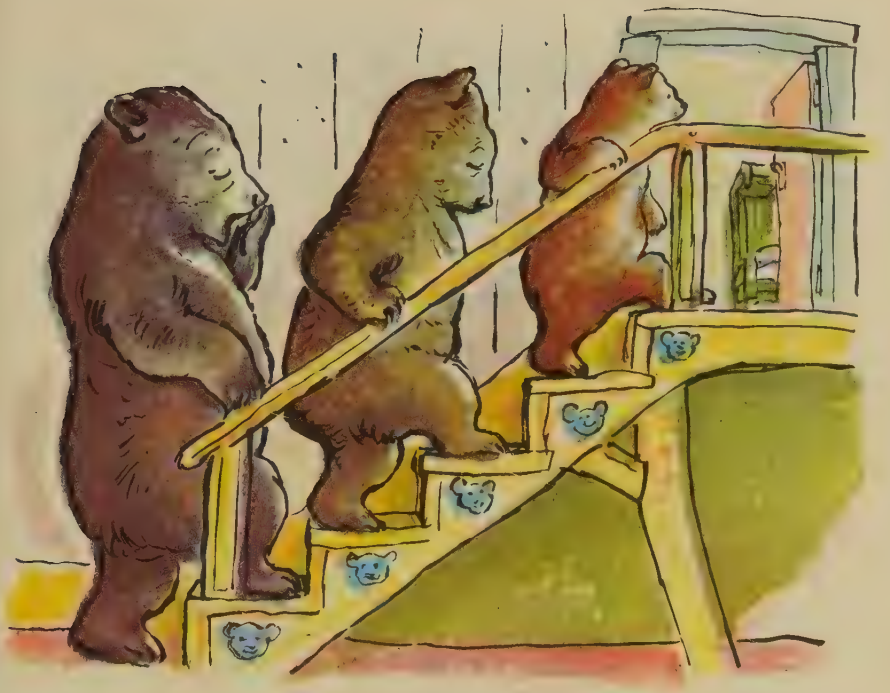
"Somebody has been sitting in my chair."

The middle-sized bear cried, in a middle-sized voice,

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair."

Then the little, small, wee bear said, in a shrill, little voice,

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has broken the bottom out of it."



By and by the three bears went upstairs to go to bed.

Then the great, huge bear growled, in a big, gruff voice,

"Somebody has been lying on my bed."

Then the middle-sized bear cried, in a middle-sized voice,

"Somebody has been lying on my bed."

Then the little, small, wee bear said, in a shrill, little voice,

"Somebody has been lying on my bed, and here she is, fast asleep!"

Just then Goldilocks woke up.

She saw the three bears.

She ran to the open window, and out she jumped.

Then Goldilocks ran home as fast as she could run.

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

does o'er upward

Which way does the wind blow,
And where does he go?
He rides o'er the water,
He rides o'er the snow.

He blows and he tosses
The leaves from the tree,
As when you look upward,
You plainly can see.

From what place he comes,
To what place he goes,
There's no one can tell you,
There's no one who knows.

sure pulled

axe

Once upon a time there lived a dear little girl.

Her name was Red Riding Hood.

She was called Red Riding Hood because she wore a red hood.

One day her mother said,

"Red Riding Hood, I want you to go to see your grandmother.

Take to her this little basket.

I have put in it a pat of butter and a slice of cake.

Do not stop on the way.

Do not run, for you might fall and drop the basket.

Be sure to say 'good morning' to any one you may meet."

"I will do just as you tell me," said Red Riding Hood.

Then away she went with her little basket.

The grandmother's house was in a wood.

Soon the little girl came to the wood.

Here she met a wicked old wolf.

Red Riding Hood did not know he was a wicked old wolf.

She was not a bit afraid of him.

"Good morning, Mr. Wolf," she said.

"Good morning, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am taking this basket to my grandmother," she said.

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?"

"A long way from here, in the wood," she said.

"Her house stands near three large oak trees."

"Good-bye, I must be going on my way," said the wolf.

"Good-bye, Mr. Wolf," said Red Riding Hood.

The wolf ran quickly through the wood.

He came to the house of Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

But the grandmother was not at home.

The door was open, and the wolf stepped softly in.

He saw the grandmother's nightcap on the bed.

Quickly he tied it on his wicked old head.

Then he jumped into the grandmother's bed.

Soon he heard Red Riding Hood.
She came singing along the path.
Red Riding Hood rapped at the door.

The wolf cried out, in a big, gruff voice,

"Who is there?"

"It is little Red Riding Hood, with a basket, dear Grandmother."

"Open the door and come in," said the wolf.

So Red Riding Hood opened the door and went in.

She did not know that it was the wolf under the clothes.

The wicked wolf had pulled the night-cap down over his face.

"Oh, Grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And Grandmother, what great hands you have!"

"The better to hold you, my dear."

Then Red Riding Hood began to be afraid.

"Oh, Grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you," cried the wolf.

Then he jumped out of bed.

He ran for the little girl.

Just then a woodman with an axe was passing the house.

He heard Red Riding Hood crying.

He ran quickly into the room.

With one blow of his axe he killed the wicked old wolf.

When the grandmother came home she was full of joy.

Her dear Red Riding Hood was safe and well.

CAREFUL HANS

always pushed brought

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Careful Hans.

He always did just what was told him without thinking.

One day his mother said,

"Hans, you may go and visit your grandmother."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said,

"Good-bye, Grandmother. Now I am going home."

"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this needle to your mother. Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans walked down the road behind a load of hay.

Careful Hans stuck the needle into the load of hay.

When Hans came home, he said,
"Good evening, Mother."

"What did grandmother say?" asked his mother.

"She said, 'Take this needle and give it to your mother.'"

"Where is the needle?"

"I stuck it into a load of hay and could not find it," said Hans.

"You must not do that again.

Stick it in your coat sleeve.

That is the way to carry a needle."

"Ah! The next time I will do so," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To grandmother's house."

"Be a good boy, Hans," said his mother.

"I will, Mother," said Hans. "Goodbye."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said,

"Good-bye, Grandmother. Now I am going home."

"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this knife to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the knife and put it in his sleeve, just as his mother had told him.

Then he walked home to his mother.

"Good evening, Mother," said Hans.

"Good evening, Hans.

What did grandmother say?"

"She said, 'Take this knife to your mother. Tell her that I sent it.'"

"Where is the knife?"

"I put it in my sleeve, and I can not find it," said Hans.

" What a foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that? You should have put the knife into your pocket," said his mother.

" I will do so next time," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

" Where are you going?" asked his mother.

" To grandmother's house," said Hans.

" Be a good boy, Hans."

" I will, Mother," said Hans. " Good-bye."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said,

"Good-bye, Grandmother. Now I am going home."

"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this little puppy dog to your mother. Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the little dog, and pushed and pushed, until he pushed him into his pocket, just as his mother had told him.

Then he walked home.

"Good evening, Mother," said Hans.

"Good evening, Hans.

What did grandmother say?"

"She said, 'Take this little puppy dog to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it.' "

"Where is the puppy dog?"

"I put him into my pocket, but now he is dead," and Hans rubbed his eyes and began to cry.

"What a foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that?

You should have tied a string round the puppy's neck, and led him behind you."

"I will do so next time," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To grandmother's house," said Hans.

"Be a good boy, Hans."

"I will, Mother," said Hans. "Good-bye."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said,

"Good-bye, Grandmother. Now I am going home."

"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this meat to your mother. Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the meat and tied a string round it.

Then he walked home to his mother, dragging the meat on the ground behind him.

"Good evening, Mother," said Hans.

"Good evening, Hans.

What did grandmother say?"

"She said, 'Take this meat to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it.'"

"Where is the meat?" asked his mother.

"I tied it to a string and dragged it on the ground behind me, but the dogs ate it all up," said Hans.

"What a foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that?

You should have tied the meat up in strong paper and brought it home on your head."

"I will do so next time," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To grandmother's house."

"Be a good boy, Hans."

"I will, Mother," said Hans. "Good-bye."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said,

"Good-bye, Grandmother. Now I am going home."

"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother. "Now take this pound of sweet butter to your mother. Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the butter.

He tied it up in brown paper.

Then he placed it on his head.

The sun was hot.

It melted the butter, so that it ran into his hair.

It got into his eyes.

It went down his neck.

It ran down over his coat.

His mother saw her dirty boy and said,

"Hans, Hans! What have you in your hat?"

"The butter that grandmother gave me," said Hans.

"Oh, you foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that?"

This was the last time that Hans went to visit his grandmother.

Hans did not think, think, think.

Do you?

loved bushes move
laugh Ha!

Once there was a little Indian boy.

The Indian boy lived with his grandmother.

The little boy's face was ugly.

It was so ugly that the children did not like to play with him.

"Go away, little boy," they said, "we do not like you. You are ugly."

So Ugly Boy had no one to play with. But his grandmother loved him.

She made him cakes out of nuts and wild-grass seeds.

Every year the Indians picked nuts and seeds and dried them.

Then they put them away for the cold winter.

The time came for the nuts to be ripe.

The nut trees grew near by.

But no one dared to pick them.

An old bear had made her den close by the trees.

She would not let the Indians pick the nuts.

When the Indians went near the trees, the bear growled, "Woof, woof!"

All the Indians were afraid of her.

They did not know what to do.

If they did not get nuts and seeds, what could they eat in the long cold winter?

One day Ugly Boy came running into the house. He said,

"Grandmother, I am hungry.

I am going out to pick some nuts. I am not afraid of the old bear."

But his grandmother cried, "Oh, my boy, you must not!

The wicked bear will catch you.
She will eat you up."

But little Ugly Boy was not afraid.

He put a basket on his back.

Then he went to the place where the nut trees grew.

The nuts had fallen from the trees.

There were so many that they lay thick on the ground.

Little Ugly Boy sat down and began to eat the nuts.

He cracked the shells and ate the sweet nuts.

There was a noise in the bushes.

The wicked old bear had seen little Ugly Boy.

"Woof, woof!" she roared, "What are you doing with my seeds?

What are you doing near my nut trees?"

Little Ugly Boy did not move.

He was not afraid.

"I am eating nuts," he said.

"These nuts are mine," growled the bear; "you must not eat them."

"They are not yours," said little Ugly Boy.

But the old bear growled, "They are mine.

If you do not run away, I will eat you.

I am bigger and braver than you are."

Little Ugly Boy said, "The nuts and seeds are not yours.

You may be bigger than I am, but you are not braver."

"Yes, I am braver," roared the bear.

Then little Ugly Boy said, "I will tell you what we will do.

First you may try to scare me.

Then I will try to scare you.

The one who is not afraid will have all the nuts and grass seeds."

This made the bear laugh.

"Ho, ho!" she roared, "Do you think you can scare me? Well, let us try."

So the bear went away and hid.

Little Ugly Boy sat on the ground eating nuts.

Soon the bear gave a loud roar.

She rushed out and ran at little Ugly Boy.

"Woof, woof!" she roared, "I'll eat you up, I'll eat you up!"

But little Ugly Boy only laughed.

The bear saw that Ugly Boy was not afraid.

So she gave it up.

"You are a brave boy," she growled.

"Now run away and see if you can scare me!"

Ugly Boy ran to his grandmother.

"Oh, Grandmother!" he cried, "The old bear tried to scare me, but I was not afraid.

Now give me my bow and arrows.

I will go and try to scare her."

"Oh, no, do not go!" cried his grandmother. "What can you do to scare such a great, wicked bear?"

But little Ugly Boy took his bow and arrows.

He went back and climbed a tree.

Then he called to the bear,

"Come up here, old Black Face; I will scare you."

When the bear came to the tree, she stood on her hind feet.

She opened her great red mouth and laughed. "Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" she roared.

The bear was so near that little Ugly Boy could almost touch her.

Quick as a wink he shot an arrow.

It went right down the throat of the wicked old bear and killed her.

Then little Ugly Boy ran home.

"Oh, Grandmother!" he cried, "All the Indians can gather the nuts now.

I have killed the wicked old bear.

I shot her with my bow and arrow."

MR. ROOSTER, MRS. HEN, AND MRS. GRAY DUCK

waddle warm friends

Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen lived in a little house. The house was on the bank of a deep river.

They found plenty of good fat worms to eat and were very happy.

Near them lived Mrs. Gray Duck in her little house.

Now Mrs. Gray Duck did not like Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen.

She never went to call upon them.

When they met, Mr. Rooster always crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And Mrs. Hen would hold her head very high.

Then Mrs. Gray Duck would say, "Quack, quack, quack!" in a very loud voice.

And she would waddle away to the river.

When the time came for the nuts to be ripe, Mr. Rooster said to Mrs. Hen,

"Let us go to the nut trees on the hill. There we can eat as many nuts as we like.

Mr. Chipper Squirrel has more than he can use."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hen, "a meal of nuts will do us good."

"Let us take our little cart along," cried Mr. Rooster.

"A few nuts will taste good when winter comes."

"How wise you are!" said Mrs. Hen.

So the next morning Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen started off.

Mr. Rooster was harnessed to the little cart.

Soon they came to the hill where the nut trees grew.

Mr. Chipper Squirrel said he was glad to see them.

He led them to a spot where many nut trees grew.

The brown nuts lay thick upon the ground.

First Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen ate all they could.

Then they began to fill the cart.

Mr. Rooster took a big fat nut in his bill.

After he had dropped it in the cart he ran for another.

Then Mrs. Hen picked up a nut and dropped that in the cart.

When the cart was full Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen were very tired.

"I cannot walk a step farther," cried Mrs. Hen.

She sat down upon the pile of nuts in the cart.

Then she asked Mr. Rooster to drag her home.

"I will not," cried Mr. Rooster, "I am just as tired as you are.

I will be the driver, but I will not drag the cart."

While they were talking, Mrs. Gray Duck came waddling up.

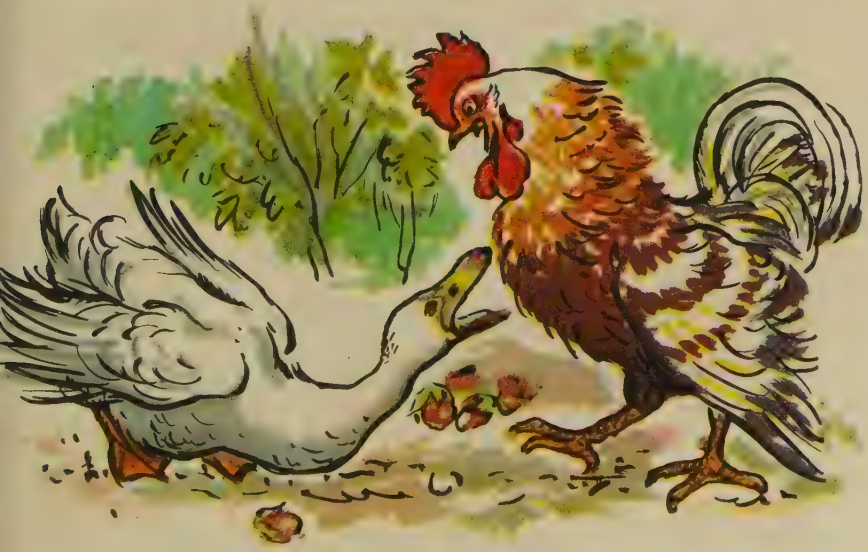
"Quack, quack, quack! Why are you stealing all my nuts?" she cried.

"Quack, quack, quack! Who said you might come to my nut trees?"

Then she ran with open bill at Mr. Rooster.

But Mr. Rooster was not at all afraid.

He ran at Mrs. Gray Duck and pecked and pecked her with his bill.



At length Mrs. Gray Duck cried, "Stop, stop!

I will do anything that you wish.

I will even drag your cart home for you."

This pleased Mr. Rooster.

So he harnessed Mrs. Gray Duck to the little cart.

Then he jumped upon the driver's seat.

He cracked his whip and told Mrs. Gray Duck to start.

Mrs. Gray Duck waddled off as fast as she could go.

All went well till they came to the river.

As soon as Mrs. Gray Duck saw the water she began to run.

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Rooster.

"Help, help!" cried Mrs. Hen.

But Mrs. Gray Duck only waddled the faster.

Down went Mrs. Gray Duck.

Down went the cart.

Down went Mr. Rooster.

Down went Mrs. Hen.

Splash, splash! into the water they all went. The cart floated on the water.

On top of the cart sat Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen.

How funny they looked!

Oh, how wet they were!

Mrs. Gray Duck began to swim about.

She laughed, "Quack, quack, quack, quack!" at poor Mr. Rooster and poor Mrs. Hen.

"O dear, good Mrs. Gray Duck," cried Mr. Rooster, "please drag us to land."

"Yes, yes," clucked Mrs. Hen, "please save our lives.

We will do anything that you wish."

At length Mrs. Gray Duck took pity upon them.

She swam to the bank with the little cart.

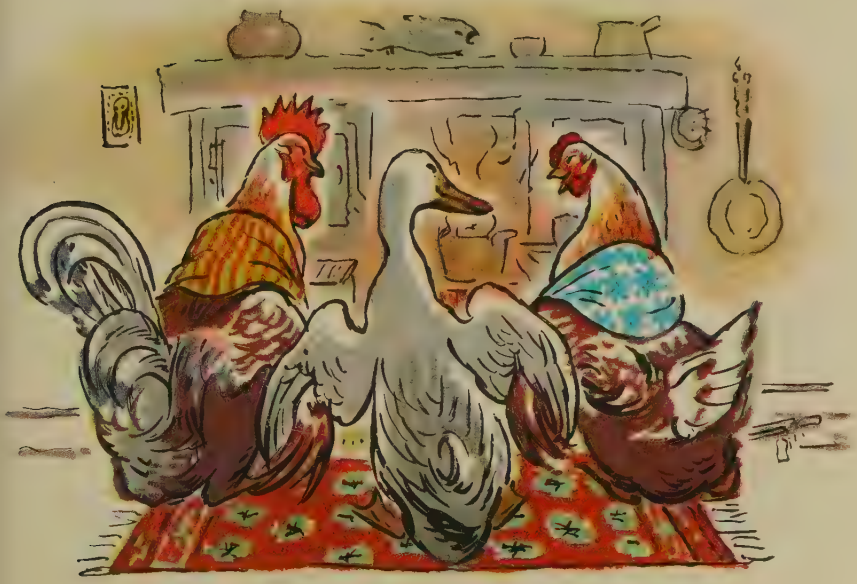
Then she led Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen up the path to the door of her pretty little house.

"Come in," she quacked, "and dry your poor wet feathers before my warm fire."

So Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen went in and dried their feathers before the warm fire.

When they were dry Mrs. Gray Duck and Mrs. Hen divided the nuts between them.

From that day on, the three were fast friends.



Mr. Fox was digging near a stump.

He found a big black bumblebee.

Mr. Fox put the big black buzzing bumblebee into a bag.

Then he threw the bag over his back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little black woman sweeping the floor.

"May I leave my bag here?

I want to go to Squintum's house," said Mr. Fox.

"Yes," said the little black woman.

"All right," said Mr. Fox, "but do not untie the bag."

Then off went old Mr. Fox, trot, trot, trot, trot, to Squintum's house.

As soon as the fox was out of sight the woman took just one little peep into the bag.

Out flew the big black bumblebee.

The old red rooster caught him and ate him up.

After a while Mr. Fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squintum's house.

He took up his bag and found the big black bumblebee was gone.

He said to the little black woman,

"Where is my bumblebee?"

And the little black woman said,

"I only untied the bag.

The bumblebee flew out, and the old red rooster ate him up."

"If that is so," said Mr. Fox, "I must take the old red rooster."

So he caught the rooster and put him into his bag.

Then Mr. Fox threw the bag over his back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little yellow woman making some bread.

"May I leave my bag here?

I want to go to Squeentum's house."

"Yes," said the little yellow woman.

"All right," said Mr. Fox, "but do not untie the bag."

Then off went old Mr. Fox, trot, trot, trot, trot, to Squeentum's house.

As soon as the fox was out of sight the woman took just one little peep into the bag.

Out flew the old red rooster.

A great fat pig caught him and ate him up.

After a while the fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squeentum's house.

He took up his bag and found the old red rooster was gone.

Then he said to the little yellow woman,

"Where is my old red rooster?"

And the little yellow woman said,

"I only untied the bag.

The old red rooster flew out, and the great fat pig ate him up."

"If that is so," said Mr. Fox, "I must take the great fat pig."

So he caught the pig and put him into his bag.

Then Mr. Fox threw the bag over his back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little red woman feeding the chickens.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squontum's house?" said Mr. Fox.

"Yes," said the little red woman.

"All right," said Mr. Fox, "but you must not untie the bag."

Then off went old Mr. Fox, trot, trot, trot, trot, to Squontum's house.

As soon as the fox was out of sight the woman took just one little peep into the bag.

Out jumped the great fat pig.

He ran grunt, grunt, grunting all over the house.

The woman's little boy took a stick and chased the pig out of the door.

After a while the fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squontum's house.

He took up his bag and found the great fat pig was gone.

He said to the little red woman,

"Where is my great fat pig?"

And the little red woman said,

"I only untied the bag.

The great fat pig jumped out and ran grunting round the house.

My little boy took a stick and chased him out of the door."

"If that is so," said the fox, "then I must take your little boy."

So he caught the little boy and put him into his bag.

Then he threw the bag over his back and began to walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked, until he came to a house.

In the house was a little white woman making ginger cakes.

On one side of the little white woman sat five little girls.

On the other side of the little white woman sat a big black dog.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squentum's house?" said Mr. Fox.

"Yes," said the little white woman.

"Yes," said the five little girls.

"Yes," said the big black dog.

"All right," said Mr. Fox, "but you must not untie the bag."

Then Mr. Fox went trot, trot, trot to Squentum's house.

The little white woman placed the ginger cakes in the oven.

Soon they began to smell, oh, so good, good, good!

"Oh, Mother, Mother! May we have some ginger cakes?" cried all the little girls.

"May I have some, too?" cried the little boy in the bag.

Then the little white woman opened the bag and took out the little boy.

She caught the big black dog and put him into the bag. Then she tied the string up tight, tight, tight!

After a while the fox came trot, trot, trotting back from Squentum's house. He took up his bag and saw that it was tied tight.

He threw it over his back and went trot, trot, trotting off into the deep woods.

Then he sat down and untied the bag.

Out jumped the big black dog.

He was very hungry, so he caught Mr. Fox and ate him all up.

And the little boy and the five dear little girls were very, very hungry, too.

So they sat down and ate up all the ginger cakes.

THE HOBYAHS

Hobyahs stalks Turpie

Once upon a time there were a little old man and a little old woman.

They lived in a house all made of hemp stalks.

They had a little black dog named Turpie. The little black dog always barked when any one came near the house.

One night the little old man and the little old woman were fast asleep.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes ran the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried, "Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman."

Then little dog Turpie ran out, barking loudly.

The Hobyahs were afraid.

They ran home again as fast as they could go.

But the little old man woke from his dreams and cried,

"Little dog Turpie barks so loud that I cannot slumber nor sleep.

In the morning I will take off his tail."

So the little old man took off little dog Turpie's tail to stop him from barking.

The second night, along came the Hobyahs.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes came the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried, "Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman."

Then little dog Turpie ran out, barking loudly. The Hobyahs were afraid.

They ran home again as fast as they could go.

But the little old man tossed in his sleep and cried,

"Little dog Turpie barks so loud that I cannot slumber nor sleep.

In the morning I will take off his legs."

So the little old man took off little dog Turpie's legs to stop him from barking.

The third night, along came the Hobyahs.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes came the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried, "Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman."

Then little dog Turpie began to bark loudly.

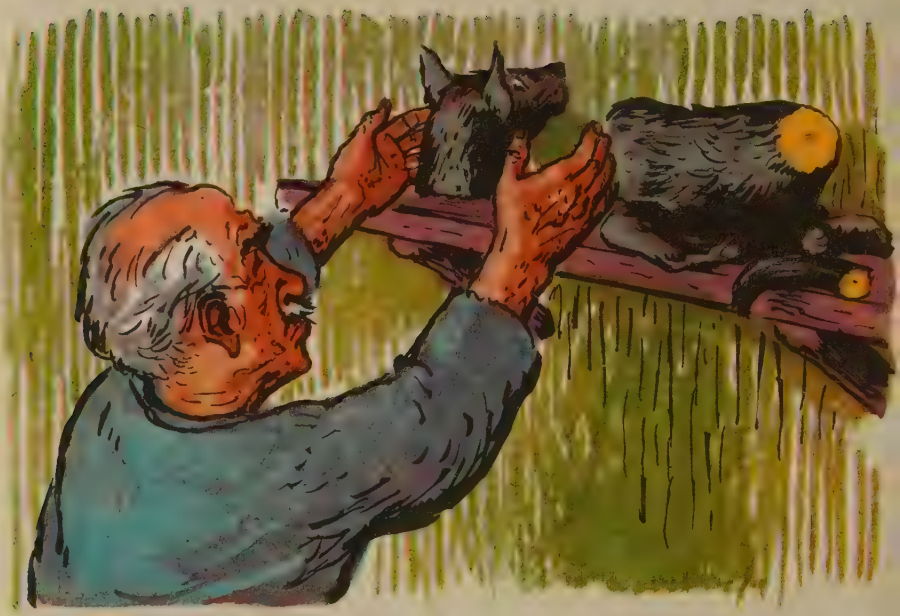
The Hobyahs were afraid. They ran home again as fast as they could go.

But the little old man heard Turpie.

He sat up in bed and cried,

"Little dog Turpie barks so loud that I cannot slumber nor sleep.

In the morning I will take off his head."



So the little old man took off Turpie's head.

Then little dog Turpie could not bark any more.

That night along came the Hobyahs.

Out from the deep woods, run, run, running, came the Hobyahs.

Through the long grass, creep, creep, creeping, came the Hobyahs.

Skip, skip, skipping on the ends of their toes came the Hobyahs.

And the Hobyahs cried, "Pull down the hemp stalks.

Eat up the little old man.

Carry off the little old woman."

Now little dog Turpie could not bark any more. There was no one to frighten the Hobyahs away.

They pulled down the hemp stalks.

They took the little old woman away in their bag.

But the little old man they could not get, for he hid himself under the bed.

Then the Hobyahs went home.

They hung the bag upon a big hook.

In it was the little old woman.

They poked the bag with their fingers and cried, "Look you, look you!"

But when the sun came up they went to sleep.

Hobyahs, you know, always sleep all day.

When the little old man found the little old woman was gone, he was very sorry.

Now he knew what a good little dog Turpie had been.

So he took Turpie's tail and his legs and his head and gave them back to him again.

Then Turpie went sniffing and snuffing along to find the little old woman.

Soon he came to the Hobyahs' house. He heard the little old woman crying in the bag.

He saw that the Hobyahs were all fast asleep.

Then he cut open the bag with his sharp teeth.

Out jumped the little old woman and ran home again as fast as she could go.

Turpie did not run away, but crept inside the bag to hide.

When the night came the Hobyahs woke up.

They went to the bag, and they poked it with their long fingers.

They cried, "Look you, look you!"

Out of the bag jumped little dog Turpie.

He ate up every one of the Hobyahs.

And that is why there are not any Hobyahs now.

OF COURSE

animals leopard fruit
monkey course

In a dark wood there once lay a man's shoe.

No one knew how it came there.

No man had been near the wood.

The wild animals who lived near by had never seen a man.

But there in the wood was the shoe.

The first one to see it was the bear.

He poked it with his nose.

He rolled it over and over with his great paws.

But he could not think what it was.

Then he called all the other wild animals to look at it.

Not one of them had ever seen a shoe before.

First the lion spoke and said, "It is plain that it is the bark of a tree"

"Oh, no," said the leopard, "it must be the skin of some fruit."

Then the monkey said, "I think it is the shell of a nut."

But the wolf growled, "It is not that at all.

Of course it is some kind of a bird's nest.

Look, here is the hole for the bird to go in.

Here is the deep part for the eggs.

It must be a bird's nest, of course."

The goat said, "You are all wrong."

Then he pointed to the long shoe string and said,

"Look at this long root.

It is some kind of plant, of course."

And so the animals went on talking.

Each thought that he was right.

They even began to get a little angry.

While this was going on, an old owl sat in a tree near by.

At length he said,

"If you will all keep still, I will tell you what it is.

I have seen more of these things than you can count.

It is a man's shoe."

"A what?" cried all the animals.

"What is a man, and what is a shoe?"

"A man," said the owl, "is a thing with two legs.

He is like a bird, but he has no feathers.

He can walk like us. He can eat like us. He can talk like us.

But he can do much more than we can."

"That can't be true," growled the bear.

"How can a thing with only two legs do more than we can with four legs?

It is not true, of course."

"Of course it is not true," screamed the birds.

"How can there be a thing with two legs, without feathers?"

"Well," cried the owl, "what I say is true.

A man makes things like this.

He calls them shoes, and puts them on his feet."

"Not true, not true!" shouted all the animals.

"We know that such things are not worn on the feet.

What you say is not so.

You are not fit to live with us.

You must leave the wood."

So they all chased the poor old owl out of the wood.

"It is true, for all that," said the owl.

And of course it was.

among above

One day, long, long ago, all the birds of the wood met to choose a king.

They said, "The bird who can fly the highest shall be made king of the air."

The eagle was strong and big.

He thought he was sure to win.

He strutted about among the smaller birds and said, "Why do you not make me king now?

You know that I can fly the highest."

Then the tiny wren spoke up and said,

"You are indeed big and strong, Mr. Eagle, but you may not win for all that."

So the little birds and the middle-sized birds and the big birds all got ready for the race.

They said that the owl should start the race.

When all were ready the owl cried, "Whoo, whoo!"

As soon as the owl cried, "Whoo, whoo," straight up in the air flew all the birds.

Up, up they went, far into the blue sky.

One by one they dropped out of the race.

The great eagle alone kept on his way, as strong as ever.

At length the eagle looked below him. He saw that all the birds had given up.

"Oho!" he screamed, "What did I tell you?

I am king of the air and of all the birds that fly."

Now the tiny wren had been flying right under the eagle's breast.

But this the eagle did not know.

When he stopped, the wren darted out from under his wing.

He flew just above the eagle's head and cried out,

"No, no, Mr. Eagle! I am king of the birds.

Look at me, look at me!

I have flown the highest."

The birds were glad to see the proud eagle beaten.

He had boasted too much.

So they chose the tiny wren for their king.

This made the great eagle very, very angry.

He caught the little bird in his claws.

He threw him to the ground.

The wren was not much hurt.

He swelled up with pride when the birds made him their king.

But the eagle had torn away half of the little wren's tail.

And ever since he has had a very short tail indeed.

common whose towards

It was springtime.

The birds were building their nests. The woods were filled with their singing.

Under the green leaves of a great oak lived the king and queen of all the birds.

Their home would look to you and to me just like any nest. But to the birds it was the palace of the king.

And in it sat four little princes.

They were very proud princes. Was not their father the king of the birds?

One day the wolf and the bear were walking near the oak tree.

When the bear caught sight of the nest, he asked,

" Whose nest is that, Mr. Wolf? "

" Hush, hush! That is the palace of Wren, the king of the birds," said the wolf.

" Oho! " cried the bear, " What a queer kind of palace!

I must go up and take a look at it."

" No, no," said the wolf, " do not look at the nest.

You should first ask the king or the queen.

You must take care not to make them angry."

But the great shaggy bear pushed the wolf to one side.

Then he walked up to the nest.

The bear took one look and began to laugh.

" What! " he cried, " These are not the king's children!

They are nothing but four common little birds."

Hearing this, the four little wrens were very, very angry.

"We are the children of the king," they cried.

"You shall pay for what you have said."

But the bear only laughed louder and louder.

"Do you think such little things as you are could hurt a great bear like me?"

And then he turned away towards his den.

war

Soon King Wren came home to his palace.

The little birds began to shout and scream with anger.

They told him what the bear had said.

"We shall not eat a thing," they cried, "until you have punished that wicked old bear.

No, not even the wing of a fly."

King Wren flew straight to the bear's den and cried,

"Come out here, Old Growler."

And when the bear came out the wren cried, "Go at once to my palace in the oak tree. Tell my children that you are sorry for what you have said.

Tell them that you will never do it again."

But the bear only laughed at the little wren and crept back into his cave.

This made the wren very, very angry.

He puffed himself up and screamed,

"As the king of the birds, I shall call a great meeting.

I shall then order them to make war upon all the beasts of the wood."

But the bear only growled and said,

"Make war if you wish.

You will find that the animals will be ready for you."

done elephant wolves won

King Wren ordered the birds to come to his palace.

He told them how the bear had treated his children.

The birds were angry and cried,

"We will make war upon the bear and upon all the beasts of the wood."

The bear and the other animals learned what the birds had done.

They all met near the bear's cave.

The lion, the tiger, the elephant, the deer, the wolf, the leopard, and the fox were there.

And I think all the other animals in the world were there, too.

They talked and talked, to see how they could fight the birds.

But they did not see the tiny humming bird. He was hidden under a big leaf.

He listened and listened with his sharp ears.

He heard every word the animals said.

At length the bear cried, " The fox knows the most. Let him plan the war."

The fox was filled with pride.

" Very well," he said, " I will lead the fight. You must all watch my long bushy tail.

I will hold it straight up in the air like a flag.

Then you will know that we are winning the fight.

But when you see my tail hang down, run away home as fast as you can.

You will know that the battle is lost."

Both sides were now ready for the great battle.

The lions roared, the bears growled, the wolves howled, and the monkeys screamed.

They made such a noise that it shook the ground.

Then the birds of the air came flying up.

Such a screaming and cackling and humming and fussing were never heard before.

Now the little humming bird went to the bee.

She told her how the fox was to hold his tail straight up in the air.

"Ho, ho!" said the bee, "I will see about that. I think I will sting that tail."

So the bee flew straight to the fox's tail and stung it with all her might.

It hurt so much that the fox barked with pain.

But he held his tail high in the air.

Then the bee stung the tail again.

It hurt so much that the fox screamed with pain.

But he held his tail high in the air.

Then the bee stung the tail again.

It hurt so much that the fox howled with pain.

Then, letting his tail drop between his legs, he ran away as fast as he could go.

The animals saw that the fox's tail was down.

They thought the battle was lost.

They all turned and ran, each to his own den, as fast as they could go.

The birds had won the battle.

Then King Wren flew to the den of the bear and cried,

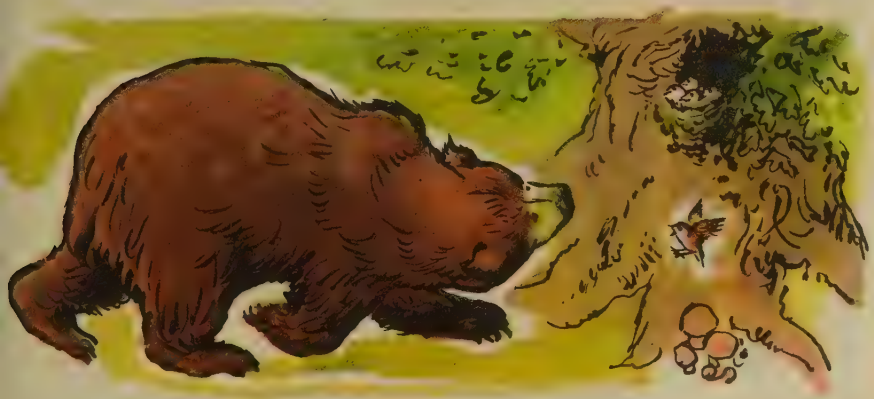
"Come out, Old Growler. Go at once to my palace.

Tell my children that you are sorry for what you have said."

The bear crept out of his den.

He went to the wren's palace.

He said that now he knew they were the children of the king.



SWEET
BUTTER

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

guess puss beautiful
answered false

A cat once made a friend of a mouse.

They were such good friends that they lived in the same little house.

One day the mouse said, "We must lay by some food. When the winter comes we shall be hungry."

"Yes, yes," said the cat. "Let us go out to see what we can find."

They had not gone far, when they found a jar of sweet, yellow butter.

"Oho!" cried the cat, "This good butter will taste very nice when the days grow cold."

"Yes, indeed," squeaked the mouse, "but where shall we put it?"

Then the cat said, "Let us hide it in the hollow tree down by the spring."

"That will be a good place," said the mouse.

"Yes," said the cat, "for who would think of finding butter in a hollow tree?"

"How wise you are!" said the little mouse.

The two friends lived together very happily.

But all the time the cat was thinking about the jar of butter. "How good it will taste! How I wish I had some now! Oh, for just a little bite!"

This is what the cat kept thinking.

At last she could bear it no longer.

So she went to the mouse and said,

"Dear mouse, my sister is to be married to-day, and I have been invited to the wedding. Will you keep the house while I am gone?"

The mouse said she would, and off the cat started.

But, as you may guess, she did not go to a wedding.

Puss had made up the whole story.

Not a word of it was true.

She went straight to the jar of sweet butter which was hidden in the hollow tree.

At once the cat began to eat the sweet butter.

She ate and she ate, until she had licked all the top off.

Then she put the jar back into the hollow tree and went home.

As soon as the mouse saw her, she cried,

"What! Back so soon? Did you have a fine wedding?"

"Yes, indeed," said the cat, "and everything was as nice as could be."

The mouse said, "What is the name of your sister?"

"Top-off," replied the cat.

"Top-off!" cried the mouse. "What a strange name!"

After this the two friends lived together as before.

But the cat soon began to wish for the butter.

"How good it did taste! How I wish I had some now! Oh, for just a little bite!"

This is what the cat kept thinking.

At last she could stand it no longer.

So she went to the mouse and said, "Dear mouse, I have a second sister who is to be married to-day, and I have been invited to the wedding.

Will you keep the house while I am gone?"

The mouse was willing, and off the cat started.

The cat again went straight to the butter which was hidden in the hollow tree down by the spring.

At once the cat began to eat the sweet butter.

She ate and she ate, until it was half gone.

When the cat went home the mouse said,

"What! Home so soon? Did you have a fine wedding?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the cat. "I never had so much fun in my life."

"What was this sister's name?" asked the mouse.

"Half-done," answered the cat.

"Half-done!" cried the mouse. "What are you saying? I never heard such a name in my life."

"I think it is a very good name," replied the cat.

"I wish you would say nothing more about it."

For a long time the two lived together very happily.

Then the cat began again to think about the jar of butter down by the spring.

"How good it did taste! How I wish I had some now! Oh, for just a little bite!"

This is what the cat kept thinking.

At last she could stand it no longer.

So she went to the mouse and said,

"Dear mouse, all good things go by threes.

I have just heard that my third and last sister is to be married to-day.

She is the most beautiful of all.

Her coat is quite black.

There is not a single white hair on her whole body.

I am sure you will be willing to let me go."

"Yes," answered the mouse, "but your sisters have such queer names—Top-off, Half-done."

"Oh! said the cat, "Why do you speak so of my sisters' names?

You sit here at home.

You think only of your long slim tail and your glossy coat.

Good-bye, I must hurry to the wedding."

The cat went straight to the jar of butter which was hidden in the hollow tree down by the spring.

At once the cat began to eat the sweet butter. She ate and she ate, until it was all gone.

When she went home the mouse said, "What! Home so soon? Did you have a fine wedding?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the cat. "We had plenty to eat and plenty to drink."

"What was this sister's name?" asked the mouse.

"I am sure her name will not please you," said the cat.

"What is it?" asked the mouse.

"All-gone," replied the cat.

"All-gone!" cried the mouse. "That indeed is the queerest name.

All-gone! What can it mean?"

Then she shook her head, lay down, curled herself up, and went to sleep.

At last winter came, and there was nothing in the house to eat.

The mouse thought of the jar of butter.

"Come, cat," she said, "we will go to our jar of butter.

How good it will taste for supper!"

Then the cat said, "Yes, it was very fine butter. I hope no one has eaten it."

At once they set out, the mouse leading the way.

"Oh, here it is," she cried.

But alas! When she peeped in, what did she find?

The jar was empty; the butter was gone.

"O you false friend, now I see it all," squeaked the mouse.

"I know who has eaten it—your three dear sisters!

First Top-off, then Half-done—"

The cat cried, "Speak one word more, and I will eat you too."

But the mouse could not stop.

" All-gone " was on her lips.

As she spoke the cat sprang at her.

But the mouse jumped into the hollow tree.

The cat tried and tried to follow her.

But she could not; the hole was too small.

Since that time no cat has ever made a friend of a mouse, nor has a mouse made a friend of a cat.

PHONIC TABLES

The new phonic work to accompany the reading of *Careful Hans* is confined to the eleven important Phonic Group Tables on pages 135-137. The remaining tables are revisionary and are grouped under three heads :

I. A table containing words illustrating all the sounds developed in the fifty-five Phonic Group Tables to which the child has been introduced in his Beacon Reading Course;

II. A table containing family groups of words in which the *e* in the final *ed* is silent ;

III. A table containing family groups of words in which the final *ed* adds another syllable to the word.

These revision tables should be used frequently for rapid practice. Sometimes this practice will take the form of phonic games. At others, especially where the groups are small, interest will be well maintained if one child pronounces, say, the first six words. At the word 'Stop' from the teacher the next child keeps the kettle boiling by continuing with the rapid pronunciation of the next six, and so on.

Group XLV. In the following words *o* and *ou* have the long sound of *o*. First application on p. 9.

old	told	gold	rolled	sold
bolt	cold	both	fold	hold
stroll	ago	scold	most	droll
mould	shoulder	soul	moult	kodak
bold	post	host	roller	colder
colt	jolt	posy	soda	toll

Group XLVI. In the following words *i* has the long sound. First application on p. 11.

find	rind	behind	child	tiny
mind	blind	tiger	wild	kind

Group XLVII. In the following words *ea* has the sound of short *e*. First application on p. 12.

bread	dead	head	spread	meant
breath	tread	stead	lead	dread
health	wealth	instead	death	read
healthy	wealthy	steady	deaf	ready

Group XLVIII. In the following words *a* has a sound between that of *a* in bat and *a* in car. First application on p. 15.

cast	last	task	raft	ask
cask	grass	past	path	basket
can't	pass	slant	chance	bath
mast	flask	dance	after	glass

Group XLIX. The following words are examples of final *y* changed to *ie* before *s* or *d*. First application on p. 17.

try	dairy	reply	berry	penny
tries	dairies	replied	berries	pennies
tried	vary	replies	berried	carry
pity	varies	marry	fry	carries
pities	varied	marries	fries	carried
pitied	tidy	married	fried	hurry
copy	tidies	fancy	spy	hurries
copied	tidied	fancied	spies	hurried
body	lily	fancies	spied	candy
bodies	lilies	daisies	daisy	candies

Group L. In the following table of words ending in *ed*, both the final letters are sounded and another syllable is added to the word. (Cf. Group XXXIV—Book Three Stage.) First application on p. 19.

aided	pointed	folded	sifted	weeded
shouted	jointed	tested	printed	sprinted
batted	patted	petted	blotted	dotted
glided	grated	fated	plated	stated
banded	mended	bolted	roasted	hooted
tasted	sounded	counted	handed	stunted

Note: Groups LI-LV introduce the commoner silent letters and include some irregular vowel sounds. Further practice with the silent letters *b*, *k*, *w* and *gh* is provided by Cards 20 and 21 (a), (b), (c) of the Beacon Phonic Cards (Blue Set).

Group LI. Silent *b*. For application see p. 56.

limb	plumb	plumber	debt	climb
lamb	crumb	dumb	debtor	comb
jamb	numb	thumb	doubt	combing

Group LII. Silent *k*. For application see p. 13 onward.

knot	know	known	knew	knock
knack	knee	kneel	knelt	knit
knead	knife	knob	knave	knoll

Group LIII. Silent *gh*. For application see p. 11 onward.

high	sigh	light	fight	nightcap
might	sight	right	tight	plough
bright	alight	fighter	flight	drought

Group LIV. Silent *w*. For application see p. 95 onward.

wrap	wreck	wrist	wring	wrong
wren	whole	wrench	wreath	wrung
write	wrote	wretch	whoop	sword

Group LV. Silent *t*. For application see p. 116.

often	soften	bristle	bustle	castle
gristle	hustle	nestle	fastened	rustle
whistle	wrestle	thistle	glisten	listened

REVISION TABLES

I. Revision table containing representative words from each of the Phonic Group Tables I-LV studied in the Preparatory, Book One, Book Two, Book Three and Book Four Stages of Beacon Reading.

all	age	bowl	bale	both
alone	away	bridge	baler	cell
along	ill	bank	boil	call
ail	eel	bath	bill	coal
awl	ball	bell	bind	cool
apple	bawl	bail	bold	cook

castle	find	hole	pale	printed
chip	foal	howl	paler	prince
chop	foe	hook	page	quaint
climb	few	hinge	pane	quite
dell	fool	hedge	part	quick
debt	feel	huge	party	quack

dealt	fowl	high	peace	quell
doll	fry	know	place	quit
dolly	gale	known	pace	quench
dull	gull	knit	peal	queen
dredge	goal	knell	pealing	queer
dodge	glow	knight	Paul	quail

fill	grass	lace	pile	reel
filling	has	lunch	pint	rule
fell	hat	lunge	pick	ruler
fetch	hill	lily	pack	race
fall	hall	mill	pledge	rice
fail	haul	mail	point	rail

face	hale	mile	pointed	rage
farce	hail	my	pole	ridge
fence	hailed	male	pool	rill
fast	heel	meal	peel	ring
fasten	hull	mule	pill	sole
file	head	pail	print	sail

seal	spoiled	toil	wise	neat
sell	stall	tool	zest	night
shell	steal	trace	cot	nest
shoal	still	trice	cut	nestle
show	stale	twice	can	sit
sill	slate	try	candle	set
since	slated	tries	got	sat
six	steel	vile	gate	seat
scale	stile	vale	goat	site
scalp	stitch	veal	mitt	sight
scowl	stitched	vice	mat	lard
skill	stole	wail	meat	large
shell	stool	well	mite	lunge
shoal	stood	wish	must	rod
shawl	storm	will	melt	red
soil	stormy	wall	moult	reed
sledge	tell	whale	mute	ride
singe	tall	whaler	mule	rode
surge	told	while	mew	read
swill	task	wheel	marry	rude
swell	till	whirl	married	pan
spool	tale	when	nut	pin
spell	tail	which	not	pun
spoil	tile	why	note	pain

pained	chew	care	fur	pour
pine	crew	chair	fire	roar
pound	drew	clear	her	shirt
pocket	flew	core	hare	short
pond	food	corn	hear	source
pane	pool	court	heard	stern
penny	ore	cure	hire	search
pennies	oar	dare	horse	swear
sun	our	deer	hoarse	tear
seen	bar	dear	jar	turn
soon	barn	ear	ajar	term
sum	bur	earn	jeer	third
seem	burn	earth	lair	thirst
seam	bird	far	learn	therm
scar	bear	fern	mire	wear
spread	bare	fare	more	wore
this	bared	fair	mare	work
that	boar	fear	pare	worm
them	bore	for	pair	worse
those	bored	ford	pier	worst
these	board	fir	pierce	worn
bride	car	firm	pear	year
brood	cur	first	pearl	yearn
air	curl	firth	perch	yard

II. Revision table consisting of family group words in which the *e* of the final *ed* is silent.

(*a*) Words in which the spelling of the root word is unchanged by the addition of *er*, *ed*, *es*, *ing*.

toss	hiss	call	kill	pass
tosser	hisses	caller	killer	passes
tossed	hissed	called	killed	passer
tossing	hissing	calling	kills	passed
tosses	hisser	calls	killing	passing

pitch	kick	wish	bank	smash
pitcher	kicker	wished	banker	smashed
pitches	kicked	wishing	banked	smasher
pitched	kicking	wishes	banking	smashing
pitching	kicks	wisher	banks	smashes

drown	chew	crawl	boil	cheer
drowned	chewed	crawled	boiler	cheerer
drowning	chewing	crawler	boiled	cheered
drowns	chews	crawling	boiling	cheering
drowner	chewer	crawls	boils	cheers

talk	walk	roll	spill	farm
talked	walker	roller	spilled	farmed
talker	walked	rolled	spilling	farming
talking	walks	rolling	spiller	farmer
talks	walking	rolls	spills	farms

(*b*) Words in which the last consonant of the root word is doubled before *ed*, *er*, *ing*.

tan	plan	tug	pen	pin
tanned	planner	tugging	penned	pinning
tanning	planned	tugged	penning	pinned
tanner	planning	tugger	pens	pins

hem	rap	rob	fan	plan
hemmed	rapped	robbed	fanning	planner
hemmer	rapper	robber	fanned	planned
hemming	rapping	robbing	fanner	planning

stir	fur	bar	jar	purr
stirred	furred	barring	jarred	purred
stirring	furring	barred	jarring	purring

(*c*) Words in which the final *e* of the root word is dropped before *ing*.

save	tame	smoke	tune	wipe
saved	tamer	smoked	tuner	wiper
saver	tamest	smokes	tuned	wipes
saves	tamed	smoker	tunes	wiped
saving	taming	smoking	tuning	wiping

like	face	bake	joke	fire
liked	facing	baker	joker	fired
likes	faced	baking	joking	firing
liking	faces	baked	joked	fireman

(*d*) Words in which the final *ie* of the root word is changed to *y* before *ing*.

tie	lie	die	cry	dry
tied	lied	died	cried	dried
tying	lying	dying	crying	drying

III. Revision table of family group words in which the final *ed* adds another syllable to the word.

(*a*) Words in which the spelling of the root word is unchanged by the addition of *ed*, *er*, *ing*.

add	rest	hint	sift	rust
added	rested	hinted	sifted	rusted
adding	resting	hinting	sifting	rusting
adder	rests	hints	sifter	rustless

band	dent	dust	print	test
banded	dented	dusted	printed	tested
banding	denting	dusting	printing	testing
bandsman	dentist	duster	printer	tester

sound	shout	pout	point	joint
sounded	shouted	pouted	pointer	joints
sounding	shouter	pouting	pointed	jointed
sounder	shouting	pouts	pointing	joining

crowd	round	sound	bound	ground
crowded	rounder	sounded	bounding	grounded
crowding	rounded	sounding	bounds	grounding
crowds	rounding	sounds	bounder	grounds

roast	float	bolt	post	fold
roasting	floating	bolted	posted	folded
roasted	floats	bolting	posting	folding
roasts	floated	bolter	poster	folder

faint	aid	paint	seat	seed
fainting	aided	painted	seated	seeded
fainted	aiding	painting	seating	seeding
weed	weeded	painter	seats	bead
weeding	weeder	paints	seater	beading

(*b*) Words in which the last consonant of the root word is doubled before *ed*, *er*, *ing*.

wed	bat	mat	blot	pat
wedded	batting	matted	blotter	patted
wedding	batted	matting	blotting	patting
weds	batsman	mats	blots	patter

(*c*) Words in which the final *e* of the root word is dropped before *ing*.

glide	grate	fade	vote	note
gliding	grating	fading	voting	noting
glided	grated	faded	voter	noted
glider	grater	fades	voted	notes
slate	side	state	taste	grade
slated	siding	stating	taster	grades
slating	sided	stated	tasted	grading
slates	sidesman	statesman	tasting	graded

WHAT COMES NEXT?

For the child who has read and enjoyed *Careful Hans* the Beacon Library offers a variety of reading material with vocabularies carefully controlled to correspond with that book. There are three books of the much-loved folk tales—*The Faithful Beasts*, *Annancy Stories* and *Stronger than Lions*, the last-named being a collection of eight little plays for reading and acting. Then there is *The Beacon Number Reader*. In this book of rhymes and stories the child is introduced to the language of arithmetic and is kept on his toes all the time by the questions interwoven with the text. There is also *First Lessons* in the Beacon Study Readers where he begins to read and use factual material for the purpose of gaining information and thus starts his preparation for using books for private study. Last, but not least there is the *Third Book of Verse* for an under-the-desk book to use just when and as his fancy directs. The long and the short of it is that the standard of fluency achieved with the completion of *Careful Hans* has made the child ripe for any and every kind of reading adventure.

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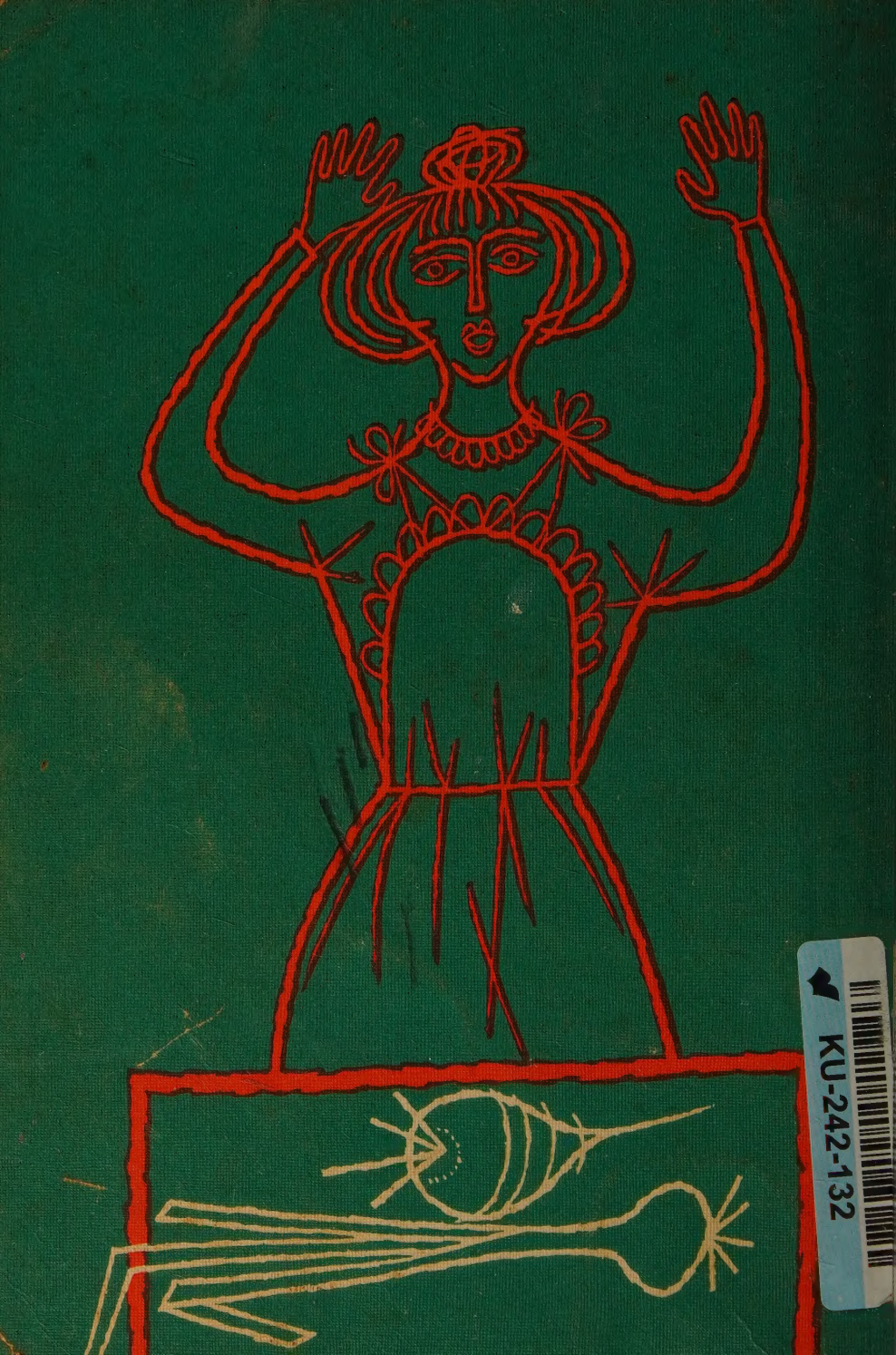

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